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—American Cookery.

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The Children's Aid Society

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The Children's Aid Society,

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'AL' SMITH TO CALL ONLY BEST TALENTS'

Warns Tammany at Victory Dinner Santa Claus May Not Be Good.

OUT TO MAKE RECORD

Other Speakers All Talk of 'Al' for President in 1924 Race.

STAND PAT ON PLATFORM

Governor-Elect Says He Seeks the Finest Brains Available to Carry It Out.

Gov.-elect Smith is going to stand pat on his reelection campaign promises. At a Tammany victory dinner at the Hotel Commodore last night he said: "I mean to summon the best talents, the best brains and the best ability of my mind to redeem my platform pledges." His speech, the first political address he has made since he spoke at Madison Square Garden a few days after election, foreshadowed what he will say in his inaugural message.

"I have been practically a prisoner in my rooms at the Biltmore for the last week and a half," he said. "I have been thinking of the very great and grave responsibility that rests upon me. It's interesting to hear all the men who are not Santa Claus talk about what Santa Claus is going to do, and let me say Santa Claus is a troubled man."

"There are so many chimneys lacking. There are so many that I can't get down. The necessity of doing something you cannot always do is discouraging. No man you ever elected to office feels it more than I do now. I promise to do everything that a man-one with all the frailties attached-can do."

"On January first cannon will roar on Capitol Hill. There will be the twenty-one gun salute for the inauguration of a new Governor. But while we celebrate there is one thing I ask you to remember, because I mean to remember it. You had a wonderful document to base your campaign arguments on. It rests with us to keep our word to the people of this State."

"The dinner was the eleventh annual banquet of the Tammany Hall Speakers' Bureau, of which Smith himself was once a valued member. It developed into a sort of 1924 Presidential boom for Tammany's favorite son."

Tom Smith, secretary of Tammany Hall, who spoke as proxy for Charles F. Murphy, said "Al" was elected by a majority so great that "it will continue to echo and resound until the close of the next national campaign."

Dr. Royal S. Copeland, Senator-elect, said: "It is worthy of note that the term of office of the most popular Governor we ever had coincides with that of a higher office. The Democrats are going to take over the country two years from now."

"Al" Smith's only comment on these and other references to the White House was "Nineteen twenty-four is a long way off."

He paid a tribute to Gov. Miller, saying: "Remember, you sent me forth to meet no mean foe. He was a real man when it came to debate, and when I won I made up my mind it was up to me to make good."

Other speakers were George R. Lunn, Lieutenant-Governor-elect, Maurice B. Blumenthal, former head of the speakers' bureau; Surrogate-elect John P. O'Brien and Herbert C. Pell, Jeremiah T. Mahoney, secretary of the bureau, provided.

SMITH LOCKS DOORS TO WRITE INAUGURAL

May Announce Several Propositions To-day.

Alfred E. Smith was obliged yesterday to lock the door to his apartment in the Hotel Biltmore in his effort to get a few hours alone to work on his message to the Legislature. He had expected the document would be finished before this date, but constant interruption by the job hunters and those wishing to steer his official course has left the task uncompleted.

To those inquiring yesterday about the distribution of patronage, Mr. Smith said that he might be able to announce to-day the appointment of his military staff, including the military secretary. The personal secretary may also be chosen. But he was not certain even about those confidential positions, the Governor-elect stated, and as for the more important positions he will not make known his selection until he reaches Albany next week.

All the subjects which he is to treat in his inaugural message to the Legislature defining his course for the first year of his administration have been selected and discussed. It is expected that Mr. Smith will follow pretty closely the policy laid down by the Democratic State platform.

\$18,000 FOR BROKEN SPINE.

Shipping Board Settles Suit of Employee.

The suit for \$18,000 damages commenced by George J. Kendall against the United States Shipping Board and the Theodore A. Crane's Sons Dry Dock Company was settled in the United States District Court in Brooklyn yesterday for \$18,000.

On November 15, 1920, Kendall, who was an electrical worker on the Shipping Board liner Dio, in the Crane dry docks in the Erie Basin, fell through an open hatchway and broke his spine. Part of his body had to be incased in a steel jacket. The case was being tried before Judge Garvin when the settlement was reached.

TEACHERS' DECISION HELD.

Justice Mullan in the Supreme Court yesterday reserved decision on the application of the trustees of the College of the City of New York and Hunter College for writs of mandamus against the Board of Regents to include in the budget of 1923 funds for teachers' salaries which were requested in budget estimates. The board had cut \$250,144 from the appropriation sought by trustees of City College and \$101,586 from the request of Hunter College.

WOMAN'S GAMBLING DEBTS NULLIFIED, COURT DECREES

Mrs. Dorothy Dickerson Wrote Many Checks for 15 to 1 Shots—Got but Few in Return—Plunged \$10,000 on Horse and Lost, but—Husband Stopped Check

Philip J. Donahue, said to be a Jersey City bookmaker, who sued Mrs. Dorothy Dickerson of 255 West Eighty-fifth street for a gambling debt of \$10,000, which his attorney contended was incurred by Mrs. Dickerson betting on race horses, lost his case yesterday when Justice Edward Lazansky in the Supreme Court at Minerva ordered a verdict for the defendant. The action of the court was in accordance with the motion of Alfred Schaeffer, attorney for Mrs. Dickerson, who argued that a gambling debt is not collectible in this State.

Attorneys for Donahue, who did not testify, put in evidence a number of checks that had been given the bookmaker. They were on the Oyster Bay Bank and Trust Company in Chicago, and had been returned marked "not sufficient funds." Mrs. Dickerson admitted on the witness stand that she had made wagers with Donahue over the telephone.

SAYS SHE STOPPED BECKER IN BIGAMY

Anna Elias's Sister Testifies to Marriage Attempt Two Years Ago.

Abraham Becker lost some of his stolid composure yesterday when clothing identified as that worn by his wife the night she was killed, was produced by the prosecution in the Bronx pit murder trial in Bronx County Court before Judge Louis D. Gibbs. The State also presented locks of hair which, witnesses testified, came from the murdered woman's head.

The part played in the case by Miss Anna Elias, with whom Becker ran away to Cleveland three years ago, was foreshadowed in the testimony. Mrs. Carrie Rosenzweig of 1439 Brook avenue, a sister of Miss Elias, testified that Becker came to her home in search of Anna on a Friday afternoon early last April and said his wife had gone to London and he wanted to see her sister. Mrs. Rosenzweig said she thought it was the day after Mrs. Becker had disappeared.

Wedding Interrupted.

The fact that Becker had plans all made to marry Anna Elias in January, 1920, was revealed in Mrs. Rosenzweig's testimony. She told how her interference had stopped the ceremony. At that time she did not know Becker was married. Mrs. Rosenzweig said. The couple were waiting at the rabbi's home when she came. Mrs. Rosenzweig said Anna had invited her to the wedding, and, after learning that Becker had married, she prevented the ceremony from being performed by telling her sister "not to marry a man who would steal." Soon afterward Becker and Anna Elias ran away to Cleveland.

Mrs. Calla Siger of 319 East 150th street, who lived in the same house and on the same floor with the Beckers for four years, testified that Mrs. Becker left her marriage license in her keeping for two months after her husband came back from Cleveland as she feared he would destroy it.

Mrs. Siger said Becker told her four days after his wife was murdered that she had disappeared. Becker said his wife "went to the movies Thursday night and didn't come back," and added that she didn't return in a month or two. He would tell the children she was dead. Mrs. Siger then told of a telegram and a letter Becker showed to her husband and herself. The telegram said Mrs. Becker was in New York and would follow. The letter reported that she had gone away with another man and she hoped Becker would be "a better father to the children than I have been."

Wouldn't Bother Writing.

Another witness, Mrs. Rose Seedman of 532 Fox street, gave another version of Becker's explanation of his missing wife. Mrs. Seedman formerly lived in the same house with Mrs. Becker and had known her for five years. She said Becker met her a week after his wife disappeared and told her he thought she had gone to London. Mrs. Seedman said she asked him why he didn't write, and Becker replied, "As long as she went away I don't care."

Dr. Karl S. Kennard, assistant medical examiner for Bronx county, who performed the autopsy on Mrs. Becker's skull, said death was due to a fractured skull but that death was not instantaneous. He said the condition of her body showed she had been buried about six months. Dr. Alexander O. Gettler of the Chief Medical Examiner's office testified that an examination showed no traces of poison. Other witnesses included four policemen from the Forty-sixth precinct, who were present when Mrs. Becker's body was found, and Leo J. Ehrhardt, engineer, of the District Attorney's office, who made maps of the spot.

Mrs. Rosenzweig also testified that Becker promised Anna Elias last January he would get a divorce in about a month and marry her. She said she told Becker she did not think this possible. At this point court was adjourned until 10:30 this morning. Previous to the examination of witnesses yesterday morning Reuben Norkin, self-confessed accomplice of Becker's, was arraigned before Judge Gibbs. Norkin's trial on a charge of murder in the first degree was originally set for yesterday, but it was adjourned until January 2.

THRON IS EXPECTED AT MIDNIGHT MASS

Cathedral Doors to Be Open at 11 P. M.

Anticipating a crowd that will tax the capacity of St. Patrick's Cathedral at the midnight mass on Christmas, it has been decided to open the doors of the church at 11 P. M. The sermon at this service will be preached by the Rev. William B. Martin.

The pontifical mass will take place at 11 A. M., but the 10 o'clock mass will be omitted as is usual on Christmas. At the pontifical service the Rev. P. J. Twomey, Redemptorist, Father, will preach on "The Crib: The First Pulpit, the First Altar, the First Cross." There will be a special musical program. Archbishop Hayes will pontificate at the vesper at 4 P. M., the service concluding with benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

PRICES realized on Swift & Company sales of carcasses beef in New York City for week ending Saturday, December 16, on shipments sold out, ranged from 13.00 cents to 18.00 cents per pound and averaged 15.00 cents per pound.—Ado.

ORPHAN AND HIS DOG 3 WEEKS ON ROOFS

Johnny Miller Rescued From Cold Home in Water Tank on East Side.

MUST WALK ON KNEES

Tells How Father Was Killed and Stepmother Abandoned Him.

NO MALICE TOWARD HER

Lad Wants Only to Find Her Abroad and Let Her Know How He Has Suffered.

All this sentimental vagabond stuff about sleeping under the starry sky with heaven's canopy for a quilt falls to thrill Johnny Miller. He tried it for three wintry weeks on East Side roofs and all it got him was swollen feet, so now he can only walk on his knees.

Johnny, 8 years old, Polish born, fond of dogs, is the hero of a melodrama which might suit Jackie Coogan. As Johnny's story goes, when ice crashing down a chute killed his father, and his stepmother, crying "To the hell with you! I'm going back to Europe!" drove him from her door he found a home in an otherwise empty water tank on the roof of a tenement house.

A fox terrier kept watch over him; the ravens who fed him were boys from the street, sneaking an occasional frankfurter.

But the cold rain invaded even the water tank and drove Johnny out, leaving him as a bedroom only bare roofs or the top steps of tenements, under the roof scuttles.

Likes New Children's Home.

There a magnificent lady who has a whole flat of two rooms found him, and yesterday he was taken to the fine new home of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. He had always loathed the very name of the "Gerry Society," but suddenly he loved it. They put him in a room where Mother Goose rhymes are done in tile and mosaic on the wall, where everything is clean and warm; they gave him actual food and they bathed his aching feet so efficiently that the swelling began to go down.

Late in the afternoon Johnny was so comfortable that he was in danger of forgetting both of his well-nursed ambitions. One of these is to go to work and earn so much money that he can take ship to Poland and, as he says, "make her sorry" by finding his mother and telling her what it means to a boy to be driven into the street. The other is an ambition to be a cow-puncher in the West.

Johnny says he visited the West once with his father on their way from Brooklyn to Bronx Park and the life suited him first rate. He was specially pleased with the way the punchers twirl their guns.

How He Became an Orphan.

Johnny's tale of the cruel stepmother may have been dreamed out of the movies, but it's his story and not disproved. His father, he said, used to dig potatoes in Poland, but came to America and went into the ice business when the son and heir was 2 or 3 years old. Here the mother, Veronica, died. The father married another woman not nearly as good looking, and her name was Mary. Three months ago a chunk of ice sliding into a Brooklyn cellar ended the father's life. He left his family one week's pay—\$35.

"And then," says Johnny, "my stepmother told me 'Here is five dollars; that is your share and you go away out of here. I am going back to Poland and don't want to mind you.' Then she sold the furniture and went away. We lived by Little Hungary in Houston street. The lady on the first floor took the five dollars to spend for me. She got a shirt, a stockings and a belt and told me 'Here is your five dollars' worth. I got the shirt on now.'"

Corroborating so much of Johnny's narrative, dwellers in Essex and Delancey streets say that about three weeks ago they began to see a boy of the same description hanging in the evening by street fires, where the pushcart men burn scraps of wood and paper to keep themselves warm. Johnny says he kept right on going to school—grade 3 A in Public School 13, Avenue A between Houston and Essex streets.

The first nights of his exile he spent in hallways, pilloled on his schoolbooks. Then he wandered into Brighton street and got acquainted with several true blue pals, including Natty and Fishy—mostly Jewish boys, though he, Johnny, was baptized a Christian.

They found for him the empty water tank on the roof. He isn't sure which roof it was, but thinks it was 141 Essex street.

The English case which he cited was a murder in Boulogne in which the murderer was found, tried and sentenced within two months. He pointed out how carefully the police guarded the scene of the crime, how rapidly and thoroughly the autopsy was completed and how systematically the whole affair was handled. None of the prosecuting authorities here attended the lecture.

"Of course this may be unusual to you for you don't have crime in New Brunswick."

This drew a rather feeble laugh from the audience of 400.

Sir Basil refused before the lecture to comment on the Hall case and said: "I'm too old a hand to do that."

Sir Basil said, however, that he had reached his own "private conclusions" regarding the case, but would not say what they were. He thought there was little mystery about the affair, but could not be drawn into divulging his deductions.

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Crawley is not known to have been a member of the bootlegging gang. In some manner he fell overboard from his disabled motor boat as another boat was towing it into the Shrewsbury from Sandy Hook. His body has not been recovered.

Special Dispatch to THE NEW YORK HERALD. HIGHLANDS, N. J., Dec. 18.—The authorities investigating the drowning of Jack Crawley, the Shrewsbury River here Saturday night have learned that just prior to the drowning Canadian whisky worth \$200,000 was taken ashore from motor boat on the ocean side, opposite this place. The liquor was transferred to the motor boats from a chartered steamer which brought it from Canada and which had been lying off Sandy Hook. When the motor boat landed with their cargoes trucks were on hand to take them away and it is believed that the liquor is being sold in New York by this time.

street. Natty supplied a ladder for getting into the tank, Fishy a dirty mattress from a cellar. Johnny himself dug up a tin cup for bailing out the tank if the rain came in. "The miraculous Natty also provided a wabbling fox terrier whose assignment was to bite any marauder who ventured into the tank. The fox terrier, though very old, was known as Puppy, and his standing in society was attested by a collar with a license number.

"Glow did you keep warm?" the interviewer asked at this point.

"I had on my jacket and my pants and shoes and stockings; my shirt too," said Johnny Miller. "I didn't take anything off. I found a gray cap on a fence. Fishy and Natty and the other guys sold frankfurters on Fifth street and made \$4. They bought a sweater for me out of that. They said it cost \$1.50. Three times they took me to the movies to get warm. I saw a movie called 'I Am the Law' where they all walk around with big overcoats. A guy knows that they're going to hank him up, so he takes poison and dies. I didn't want to see the same movie three times, but it was warm in there."

In order to go to school, said Johnny, he knew he had to look clean. He managed this with the help of the janitor's faucet in a tenement hallway. He found that when the snow sifted into his tank he couldn't sleep very well and even before the rain came his feet were swelling. One night he dreamed he was drowning and waking up found more water than he could bail with the tin cup.

"It's funny," he said, rubbing his feet in the room of the Children's Society. "When I was on the roof they hurt because they felt cold, now they hurt because they feel warm."

On Sunday night at 10 o'clock Mrs. Helen Lehman, top floor back, 129 Delancey street, went to the roof to take in the wash and came on a boy sitting there in the dark.

"What's this?" said she. "I sleep on the roofs," said the boy. He told her about the father and stepmother. Mrs. Lehman fed him, and a neighbor on the floor below provided a bed. Yesterday morning the boy, getting out of bed, tried to stand but sank to his knees. He crawled on hands and knees to Mrs. Lehman's flat up for breakfast. She has four children. She told the police and they told the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

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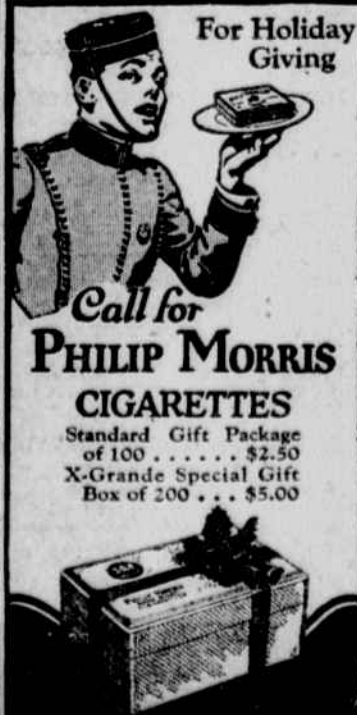
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